

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH SUPPLEMENT: THE DAILY LIFE OF THE AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN | SIXPENCE.

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SENTRIES IN PITS.—THE LIVING FOR THE DEAD: OUTPOSTS RELIEVING GUARD NEAR THE SHĀ-HO.

*Even careful burrowing cannot always protect the Japanese sentries from the Russian marksmen, and not infrequently, when the relief comes, a dead man has to be drawn out of the pit to make room for a living successor.*



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

This week we have celebrated the tercentenary of "Don Quixote," and many literary persons have mewed themselves up in libraries, that they might read (possibly for the first time) the adventures of the Ingenious Knight of La Mancha, of the Rueful Visage, and of the Lions—say, fifteen hundred pages at a moderate computation. I hear of a banquet whereat some hundred and forty of these students talked of nothing else; capped quotations; asked one another suddenly what it was the Knight beheld in the Cave of Montesinos; discussed the morality of the practical jokes which the Duke and Duchess played upon Don Quixote and his squire; disputed whether the book be the "joyfullest in the world," as Carlyle said it was, or whether it be food for melancholy; traced the genealogy of Mr. Pickwick from the Knight, and of Sam Weller from Sancho; and, in fine, enjoyed a most instructive evening. As to the philosophy of Cervantes, it was decided, I believe, that we all have a touch of Don Quixote's fantasy: go tilting at wind-mills on occasion; mistake a flock of sheep for giants; and, in good sooth, fall into errors so strange that they can be ascribed only to those enchantments of which Don Quixote was so often the victim.

I look abroad and see a German official, holding the honourable post of Deputy-Speaker in the Reichstag, who, finding in an English journal of a naval and military cast an article pleasantly suggesting that we should destroy the German fleet before it grows dangerously strong, announced in a speech that such was the policy of the British Government. He took it for granted that the naval and military thunder was "semi-official," and indicated the purpose of the Cabinet. You cannot make a German official understand that there is no such thing as a semi, or even a demi-semi official print in this island. He is under enchantment; he wanders in the Cave of Montesinos. So does the merry gentleman named Kettle, who says in the *New Ireland Review* that Shakspeare is no artist, that Shakspeare bores him, that it is time Shakspeare were buried in oblivion. Enchantment, too, has a grip of Mr. Andrew Lang, who is bored by everything nearly, except the Gowrie Conspiracy. We all suffer our little spells; but when a man is bored, and proclaims his boredom on the house-top, then he presents a really distressing case.

Some airy allusions in this page to the customs of Bulgarian society, and to the art of bowing gracefully in drawing-rooms over lily-white hands, have brought me a charming letter from Vienna. My correspondent, an Austrian lady, lived four years at Sofia, and she describes the exacting character of the etiquette in that capital. "On New Year's Day every Sofia gentleman *qui se respecte* calls on every lady of his acquaintance, if not to the delight of *coiffeurs* and florists, at least to that of his cab-driver. We always counted about eighty visitors in that single afternoon! The first would step into my mother's drawing-room at one p.m., and the last would leave about half-past seven. We had grown indifferent by that time to the exact angle at which they bowed over our lily fingers. Criticism generally collapses when you have shaken and reshaken hands with the fifty-second visitor. I'm wondering whether this would not be a golden opportunity for the shy young man you speak of! He might run down to Sofia by the Orient Express; and if he judiciously timed his calls, he could indulge in a good day's practice without endangering his self-respect or suffering agonies of bashfulness."

Evidently I must have presented to this lady's sprightly vision the diverting image of a shy young Englishman conscientiously striving to acquire a little Bulgarian polish. But when he has pondered her remarks, is it to Sofia that he will take his way? The Orient Express will set him down at Vienna, I imagine; but how he is to find his golden opportunity for rectangular bowing there I do not know, alas! for my correspondent does not reveal her name. Her letter is signed "Philo-Bulgarian"; and the shy young man may have considerable trouble at Vienna to discover "Philo-Bulgarian" and her mamma, so as to step into their drawing-room at one p.m. and remain bowing there until seven-thirty. Besides, as he wanders forlornly up and down the Ringstrasse, trying to distract his mind with the very handsome public buildings, it may strike him that the tone of the letter is not very encouraging after all. "Hostesses," adds my correspondent for his benefit, "will retain nothing but a deliciously vague sense of his having made himself generally agreeable; and that, I believe, is the consummation devoutly wished for by many."

Now, what young man, however shy, wants to leave behind him nothing but a delicious vagueness, which he shares, moreover, with seventy-nine others? Is he to journey to Vienna in the depth of winter for that?—to say nothing of all that unbending of British rigour in the small of the back? I must tell him

that my correspondent, who has a decided spice of mischief, surmises that I may not have received shoals of letters from Bulgaria about those airy allusions. "I'm no longer entitled," says she, "to stick Prince Ferdinand's portrait on my envelope, it is true, but I enclose a stamp test the nature of your disappointment should be philatelic as well. Besides, it may always interest the office-boy." Sure enough, there came a stamp with the Sofia post-mark; and it now adorns the office-boy's youthful brow, which mantles with an unwonted blush. All this may discourage the shy young man from pursuing his studies in cosmopolitan deportment. He may adhere to the insular angle, which is highly commended, I note, by Dr. Carl Peters, who finds it more dignified than the German bowing, and the sweeping of the earth by the deferential hat.

Here let me reveal a secret of this office. Some years ago the shy young men of Vienna sent us various innocent missives, addressed to young ladies in that capital, requesting us to post them in London. For instance, a postcard for a damsel by the name of Anna bore a respectful greeting signed "Tony," whose intent, no doubt, it was to make her believe that he had sought exile to hide a broken heart. Then the grave question arose: Should we lend ourselves to this imposture? Should we send this deceitful postcard to the fair Anna, and probably give her a shock which would cause her death? Of course, it was argued, she might not die; she might toss her head and laugh a scornful laugh, or go on cutting bread-and-butter, like the well-conducted Charlotte when she saw the corpse of Werther. It was pointed out that Anna, being a very practical young woman, would think it odd that an Austrian postcard should come from London. "If Tony were there," she would say, "he would have to use an English postcard." But to this the answer was that foreigners constantly send their own stamps for prepaid letters to be posted here, as if their stamps were good enough for our postal service; and therefore Anna would be sure to think that London postcards were made in Austria. I enter into this complicated detail just to show the anxious care with which the matter was debated. Finally it was decided not to run the risk of killing Anna; and Tony's postcard remains in our archives, a melancholy little waif of a misplaced stratagem, but also a trophy of the higher journalism!

The public has unshaken faith in buried treasure. We are bred on it as boys; and when we grow up nobody is in the least surprised to hear that a belted Earl has gone off in a yacht to delve for doubloons in some out-of-the-way island. The island of Cocos, belonging to the Republic of Costa Rica, is said to possess buried treasure to the tune of anything between six and twelve millions sterling. Pirates of old had a great fancy for Cocos; they made it a sort of Campo Santo, and interred their hoards there with great piety. The wonder is that the Republic of Costa Rica, never very affluent, has not dug up the whole blessed caboodle. But Costa Rican statesmen are disinterested; or they are fearful that the pirates may have left a curse or two hovering over the bars of solid gold, to blight the hand that disturbs their sacred repose. Better that belted Earls should be blighted than that Costa Rica should be cut off in its prime; so the Republic issues licenses for treasure-hunting, and even sends a gun-boat, it is said, to keep order among the rival diggers. Not that the belted Earl confesses to any competition. He went to Cocos to look for "minerals": nothing so sordid as digging up a pirate's savings for him!

The search for minerals caused a "landslide," which seems to have damaged one or two mineralogists. Bred from boyhood on these affairs, we know that a "landslide" is the natural operation of a pirate's curse. Or it may be a pretty name for the awful land-crab, which is as big as a dining-table. To see a dining-table approaching you rapidly on four huge claws, not to supply you with a hospitable board, but most inhospitably to make a meal of you—this must be decidedly gruesome. I have my suspicion, however, that the "landslide" was not a shock of earth, nor even a carnivorous crab, but a colonial relation of Mr. Barrie's crocodile. That strange serpent, by the way, is incensed, I understand, by the letter I published last week from the father of a family, complaining that he does not eat Captain Hook. The pirate is eaten, I am told, twice a day; but the feast is private. Whether it be fair to the dear children to deprive them of the spectacle, I leave it to tender mothers to determine. But as there is some talk of an action for defamation of character, and a letter from the crocodile's solicitors, Messrs. Lewis and Lewis, and a threat that the plaintiff will call on me at my club, I may as well remark that I said to the hall-porter yesterday, "If any crocodile should call for me, say I'm not in town." And the hall-porter, a responsible official, who has seen too much of life to be surprised at anything, gravely answered, "Very good, Sir."

## CERVANTES.

One day Philip III. of Spain, loitering on the balcony of his palace at Madrid, chanced to observe a student who was walking by the side of the Manzanares engrossed in a book. Every now and then the black-gowned youth would stop, declaim a passage to the winds, strike his forehead with his palm, and burst into prolonged fits of laughter. "Either that student is mad," cried the King, "or he is reading 'Don Quixote'!" The latter was indeed the fact; but the royal and academic appreciation of Spain's one book had not saved from neglect and penury the gallant old soldier who had created for the world and for all time the inimitable figure of the Knight of La Mancha.

The slayer of spurious romanticism, the tercentenary of whose masterpiece has this week been celebrated in London, was one from whose own career romance, with its usual accompaniments of bitter fortune, had been inseparable. He came of a family of hidalgos, originally Galician, but at the time of the novelist's birth settled in Castille. Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra was the fourth son of Rodrigo de Cervantes and Doña Leonor de Cortinas, to whom he was born at Alcalá on Oct. 9, 1547. Of his childhood we know little, but his early manhood seems to have been devoted to letters, and at one-and-twenty he was the pupil of the humanist, Juan Lopez de Hoyos, under whom he composed allegories and devices for the mausoleum of Elizabeth of Valois. Some minor essays in verse belong to this period, and may have served to secure him the post of valet to Cardinal Aquaviva, an occupation so little to his liking that he made haste to turn soldier. From 1569 onwards he served with Colonna against Selim II., and afterwards with Don John of Austria at Lepanto, where he covered himself with glory. Although sick, he held gallantly a most dangerous post, receiving two arquebus shots in the breast and one in the left hand, which was permanently maimed, and afforded his graceless literary enemies a subject for ridicule.

For seven years he served abroad, and in 1575 Don John granted him leave to return home. On the voyage, however, he and his brother Rodrigo were captured by an Algerian squadron, and had to go into slavery. Once he planned an escape with other prisoners, but the Dey's troops surprised the fugitives, whereupon Cervantes took all the blame of the conspiracy upon his own shoulders, and asked that he alone should be put to death. For five years he lay in prison, the terror of his jailers, whose respect he finally won, and the sole hope of his fellow-captives, whom he never ceased to encourage by his indomitable spirit. Cervantes was always greater than his evil stars.

To ransom his son, old Don Rodrigo either sold or pledged the entire family property, all to no purpose. The price was too low for Miguel's liberty, but for the minor consideration the Dey consented to release young Rodrigo, and Cervantes willingly devoted the money to this purpose. At length, however, a further sum came from relatives in Spain, and this some Redemptorist fathers augmented by a subscription among European merchants. The amount was now deemed sufficient, and in 1580 Miguel saw Spain again. But his native land had nothing to offer him, and poverty sent him soldiering once more, this time to Portugal, as a simple musketeer. Four years later he published his first novel, "Galatea," and had the temerity to marry. Necessity now drove him to compose dramatic pieces, but this source of income soon failed, and he had to take service with a councillor of finance at Seville. Here he wrote the greater part of his "Novels," but he was rewarded only by neglect, penury, and even imprisonment on a false charge of malversation. Yet evil fortune could not hinder the production of his masterpiece. In 1604 he obtained the royal consent for the publication of the first part of "Don Quixote," and early in 1605 the book saw the light. Of it Cervantes wrote with grim humour: "This son of mine, thin, sallow, fantastic creature that he is, was begotten in a prison, the seat of every hardship, the abode of every untoward rumour." Yet surely it is the finest jailbird, save one, that the realm of letters owns. The Don at first aroused no enthusiasm, but an anonymous pamphlet—to wit, a seventeenth-century review—set the public ear and tongue agog, and before the year was out four editions had been called for. There are some who allege that the invaluable and effective "puff" was written by the ingenious author himself. If so, latter-day Fleet Street must own its soul knit to that of Cervantes by yet another tie.

In 1615 the second part of "Don Quixote" appeared. It had been anticipated, with incredible impudence, by another writer, the "Licenciado Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda," as he called himself, a monk of the Praedicator Order, who had written plays which Cervantes had handled severely. The author of this infamous "scoop," as Western scribes would call it, only stultified himself, for he presented a Don Quixote who was imbecile and utterly uninteresting, and a Sancho who possessed nothing of the charming buffoonery and solid common-sense of the original. It has been not the least of Cervantes' misfortunes that he should have suffered at the hands of other writers, and translators have dealt particularly ill with him. Many of the grosser interludes are none of the author's imagining, and these have often led the imperfectly informed reader to suppose that he was anything but the man of lofty character he certainly was. He found Spain and her language overwhelmed with bombast, and for the time he brought her back to an appreciation of truth. Like all reformers, he was misunderstood; even at the present day, it is averred, Spaniards are not quite sure that their greatest writer did not make them ridiculous. But "Don Quixote," it has been well said, is no more an attack on heroism and devotion than "Le Misanthrope" is an attack on honour and virtue. In a worldly sense, Cervantes never came to his own. Still unfortunate, and still more or less neglected, he died at Madrid in his seventieth year, having, as one of his contemporaries, a gentleman of the French Embassy, remarked, "enriched the whole world."



## MUSIC.

## THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

We have not been accustomed to regard the Bechstein Hall as a possible home of orchestral concerts, and the experiment made by the Curtius Club has so much novelty that it is difficult to judge it fairly at first hearing. An extra platform has been built, and forty players can be accommodated. In these circumstances it is clear that certain great orchestral works cannot be presented under the conditions to which we are accustomed elsewhere. But the programme of the concert given on Saturday last was happily chosen, and the orchestra was at least big enough to render full justice to it. First we had the "Jupiter" Symphony, the famous one in C major, last of the half-hundred that Mozart wrote, and beloved of musicians by reason of the wonderful fugal counterpoint in the finale. It was played admirably under the direction of Mr. René Ortmans, and left us with the feeling that Mozart's symphonies might well claim some share of the time that is given so ungrudgingly to Beethoven and Schubert. There are at least two other symphonies belonging to the same period of the composer's life—the last three sad years—that are equally effective in their appeal to the lover of the best music. The Symphony Orchestra was very happy in its treatment of the "Coriolan" Overture of Beethoven, a work that ranks in charm and beauty with the "Leonore" and "Egmont."

Miss Evelyn Stuart, the young pianist who seems to have been responsible for the concert, has some talent and great courage. Her first appearance was in the E minor concerto of Chopin. Now, all may read what the Polish master wrote, many can play his music, but it is given to few to grasp the spirit in which the work is written. If we may compare a perfect rendering of the concerto to the flight of a humming-bird—something splendid, audacious, and rhythmic in a measure that the eye is hard-strained to follow—Miss Stuart's playing suggested the more modest flight of the homely linnet. "The singing-hand," said Chopin of his own music, "may deviate from strict time." Miss Stuart allowed herself no such liberty; and, though her gifts are obvious, her limitations are equally apparent. Chopin's masterpieces seemed to have made its appeal to the young player's intelligence rather than to her imagination. For solo work she played a clever but uninteresting piece by Mr. Cyril Scott and a charming Toccata by M. Claude Debussy. This old style of writing is seldom heard now, though it was familiar in the early sonatas. It has been illustrated effectively by Bach, Schumann, and Rheinberger, to say nothing of that old Baldassare Galuppi who inspired Browning's Englishman to see through the toccata the old life in Venice when the merchants were the kings, and brought towards its close the mournful reflection—

Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what Venice earned.

## ART NOTES.

It is the fifth exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers that is now opened at the New Gallery. This society, of excellent beginnings, has grown almost old in the few years of its existence; but who shall say what term of life is proper to an art society? It may be that the International has done well in having lasted for so long, despite the diminishing of its ambitions and the narrowing of its outlook. Certain it is that the great schemes of its youth, which bore fine fruits in the two first exhibitions, are now beyond its strength. Not English or American or Italian art is adequately represented at the New Gallery this season; France, when we remember that the exhibition is held in London and not in Paris, is proportionately most strongly represented: Rodin, who would make the art of any nation considerable, is supported by MM. Carolus Duran, Blanche, Carrière, Cottet, and others. True, Rodin did not come to London in the flesh for the opening at the New Gallery; but he has come from Paris on the canvas of M. Blanche, whose portraiture is always full of reality and life.

Not that we can expect President Rodin to dominate the New Gallery as in 1904, when his "Le Penseur" governed the mood of the visitor. His "La Main de Dieu" is, however, incomparably the most notable thing in the current show. The plastic convention is necessarily so prominent in the rendering of an idea that can be bound in no terms; the almighty hand of M. Rodin's conception can hardly be expressed in a form so material; five fingers seem too few for Omnipotence. In the hand of God, sheltered, and yet abandoned to the fates of their own making, float the figures of a man and woman. They are lovers, rapt in their passion, carried on their way unconscious of the shadow of the hand. It is Rodin alone of all sculptors who could so express the passion and its forgetfulness, the sense of the space, the sense of utter loneliness that would prevail but for the presence of the hand. Lovely are the two figures—lovely in the way they are grouped together, and in their own action. Even M. Rodin has his uninspired and unimpassioned moments. Unluckily, Mr. George Wyndham as a sitter has failed to evoke the master's powers. The bust of him records only what is most conventional and most lacking in sensibility in a fine head. Another bust of interest at the New Gallery is Mr. George Frampton's of Mr. William Strang.

The First Room is for the most part devoted to drawings, engravings, and etchings. The miraculously clever penmanship of Daniel Vierge may be seen in eleven illustrations to Quevedo. Our own less masterly, but not less charming draughtsman, Mr. Edmund J.

Sullivan, sends nine illustrations of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyám—these, doubtless, will be the excuse for the nine-hundred-and-ninety-ninth edition of that poem. Mr. Joseph Pennell has a series of etchings showing the "sky-scrapers" of New York; while a display of the black-and-white work of the late Frederick Sandys is more profitable to the fame of that artist than the roomful of his miscellaneous works, coloured and plain, at Burlington House. Four of Mr. Conder's charming fans occupy the centre of the room; in all of them the fancy of the artist is at play. In the two drawings by M. Rodin, in the same room, great imaginative qualities are very much in earnest: the genius of terror is in them.

The most serious motive and the greatest beauty (apart from M. Rodin's "La Main de Dieu") is an Englishman's in this international gathering. The quest of beauty is not the main purpose of the majority of the Society's members; but beauty has not been quite banished from the walls of the New Gallery. It may be found in the small landscape by Mr. Peppercorn; and, again, in the fine "Descent from the Cross," by Mr. Charles Ricketts, who has imbued even his sky with the emotion of his subject, and made his whole composition speak feelingly of his theme. Beauty, again, is in Mr. Conder's "Swanage." But in how little else! Dexterity, and a sense of the interests of technique, are not so rare! M. Blanche is most dexterous; and, more, he has a keen feeling for the instantaneous and superficial truth of things—yet has no beauty.

W. M.

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## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

## THE KING AND THE CHURCH ARMY.

The great social and religious work done by the Church Army under its founder, the Rev. W. Carlile, received on Jan. 13 a signal token of his Majesty's sympathy and regard. On that day the King received Mr. Carlile in audience at Buckingham Palace, and held a long conversation with him upon the work carried on by Mr. Carlile and his staff. "His Majesty," said Mr. Carlile, "assured me that he took the deepest interest in the sorrows and sufferings of the genuine hard-working poor, and he was especially grateful that so many married men with families who could not get relief from the boroughs for lack of the necessary six months' residence were assisted through the organisation. His Majesty laid special stress on the importance of work as the society's great test of sincerity, which alone prevents the loafer from imposing upon the public charity and also discouraged men from being attracted from the country to London." The King made particular inquiries also regarding the Army's methods of criminal reclamation. Finally his Majesty sent a kind message to the staff and the inmates of the homes, and later forwarded a gift of £100. On another page we illustrate scenes in the labour homes and relief works.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

The new Member of Parliament for the Tower Hamlets, the Hon. Harry Lawson Webster Lawson, is the eldest son of Lord Burnham, of the *Telegraph*, and has already sat for West St. Pancras, as a Liberal, and for the Cirencester Division of Gloucestershire. In 1900 he was the Liberal candidate for North-East Bethnal Green; but at the bye-election at Bury he threw in his lot with the present Government. Mr. Lawson, who is in his forty-third year, commands a regiment of Yeomanry, and is a Justice of the Peace for Bucks.

General James Blair, V.C., C.B., who died on Jan. 14, at the age of seventy-seven, gained the coveted bronze cross, to quote the official dispatch, "for having on two occasions distinguished himself by his gallant and daring conduct." On the first of these occasions—both of which were during the Indian Mutiny—he made a gallant attempt to arrest seven or eight armed mutineers who had shut themselves up in a house, the door of which he had broken open; on the second, he cut his way through a body of rebels by whom he was surrounded, then put himself at the head of his men, and, broken sword in hand, charged and dispersed the enemy. He entered the Army in 1844, and was for three years Political Resident and Brigadier-General at Aden.

The new Metropolitan Police-court Magistrate, the Hon. John Augustus de Grey, who has already taken his seat at Westminster, is a Society man as well as a man of law—heir-presumptive to his half-brother, the sixth Baron Walsingham, and a barrister with over thirty years' practice. Mr. de Grey, who has been Recorder of Sudbury and of King's Lynn, is married to Elizabeth Henrietta, daughter of Patrick Grant, of the Honourable East India Company's service.

By the death of Mr. Frederic David Mocatta, on Jan. 16, the Jewish community lost one of the most benevolent of its members. After his retirement from active participation in the business of the well-known City house of Mocatta and Goldsmid some five-and-twenty years ago, Mr. Mocatta was closely identified, not only with nearly every Jewish charitable institution having a home in London, but with many a non-Jewish charity organisation. Seven years ago, when he was entering upon his seventieth year, he was the recipient of a remarkable address, which was presented to him at a public meeting at the Jews' Free School in London. This

address was signed by eight thousand persons, including two hundred and fifty public bodies, and bore the names of representatives of the Jewish communities as far East as Jerusalem and as far West as Jamaica. Among those who identified themselves with the presentation were members of the royal family, the Archbishop



THE REPORTED PROCLAMATION OF THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO'S BROTHER: MULAI EL HAFID, THE PRINCE WHO MAY BE EMPEROR.

Note that the Prince has his hands folded; but etiquette demands that his attendants shall keep theirs humbly on their knees.

of Canterbury, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and the Primate of All Ireland.

OUR SUPPLEMENT. Particular timeliness attaches to our pictures of the daily life of the Amir of Afghanistan from the fact that



Photo. Haines.  
THE HON. HARRY LAWSON,  
NEW M.P. FOR THE MILE-END DIVISION  
OF THE TOWER HAMLETS.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE HON. J. A. DE GREY,  
NEW METROPOLITAN POLICE  
MAGISTRATE.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE MR. F. D.  
MOCATTA,  
PHILANTHROPIST.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE GENERAL JAMES  
BLAIR, V.C.,  
DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER.

Mr. Balfour, in his recent Glasgow speech, referred to the defence of Afghanistan as the great problem of the British Army. Upon Afghanistan the defence of India hangs, and it is in that region that Lord Kitchener's reorganised Indian Army will find its principal theatre of operations, should it ever be called upon to take the field. The Amir, as will be seen from our Illustrations, has a great favour for Western methods, alike in his business and his recreations. He drives a motor-car, plays

to have whispered such words would have sent the rash person to Siberia. Now, if ever, the reformers have their opportunity, if only the extreme sections permit them to make a judicious use of it. As an off-set to this popular declaration, M. Yermoloff, Minister of Agriculture, declares that the Tsar's recent decree is of enormous historical importance, and that a new epoch has begun for Russia. Possibly, but not just in the way that M. Yermoloff means.

A small JAPAN AND FRANCE. has been made in Paris by the publication of an alleged report by Baron Kodama in 1902 to the Japanese Government, urging the annexation of the French colony of Indo-China. Japan was first to fight Russia, and, after a successful war, to seize the French territory. The Japanese Government has repudiated the whole story as an invention; and it is clear enough that Japan does not want the French colony, and is not so crazy as to embroil herself with France. M. Deloncle says the alleged document is the invention of a French officer; but he urges that it is justifiable invention, because Indo-China is in a defenceless state. So, to make the French Government provide suitable defences, it is legitimate to attribute to Japan designs which are devoid of sense.



THE VISIT OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT TO PORTUGAL: DOM CARLOS AND HIS GUESTS AT CINTRA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NOVAES.

cricket, and takes an enthusiastic interest in his gun-factory at Kabul. Our Illustrations are from sketches made by an official in the Amir's service. They show an intimate acquaintance with the ways of this most interesting potentate.

the tactics employed then were unreasonable. There can be little doubt that public opinion is in favour of restrictions on the admission of aliens, although there is no desire to keep out the capable and self-supporting.

## THE ARMY.

rank, whose identity is that the War Office is more chaotic than ever; that Mr. Arnold-Forster's proposals have done more harm than good, if only because they are made nugatory by the attitude of his colleagues; that Lord Kitchener is deeply dissatisfied with the condition of the Indian Army; and that Sir John French has tendered his resignation of the Aldershot command. Mr. Balfour, speaking at Glasgow, declared that the Army was about to be fully equipped with the best guns in Europe, but he made only a vague allusion to the general question of military reorganisation. Should there be a change of Government this year, this question ought to occupy the first place in the plans of the new Ministry, but there is not the slightest reason to suppose that it will.

## THE RUSSIAN UNREST.

Leading citizens in St. Petersburg have begun an agitation in favour of peace, and have drawn up an address to the Tsar setting forth the uselessness of the war and the enormous sacrifices it is entailing on the country. The document goes on boldly to censure the incapacity of the Government. The mere fact that such words are addressed to the Tsar at all is sufficient proof of the courage and determination of the reformers. All classes are signing the address eagerly, and this boldness seems to postulate a weakness on the part of the autocracy, for the time was when merely

to have whispered such words would have sent the rash person to Siberia. Now, if ever, the reformers have their opportunity, if only the extreme sections permit them to make a judicious use of it. As an off-set to this popular declaration, M. Yermoloff, Minister of Agriculture, declares that the Tsar's recent decree is of enormous historical importance, and that a new epoch has begun for Russia. Possibly, but not just in the way that M. Yermoloff means.

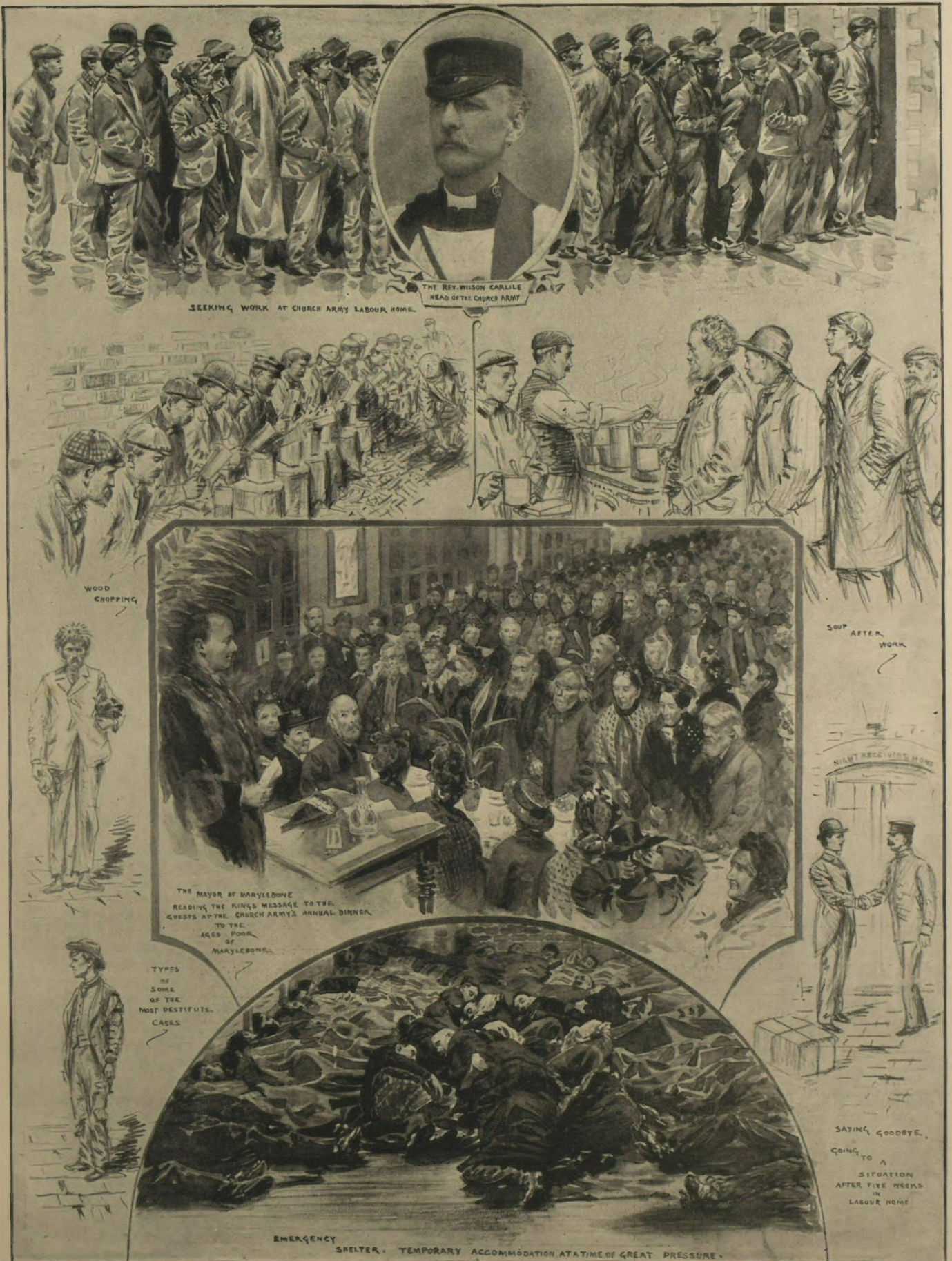
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THE ALIEN QUESTION. There are indications that the Opposition regret their irreconcilable hostility to the Aliens Bill last Session. The Mile End election was fought on this issue, and the defeated Liberal candidate, though he reduced the Unionist majority from 1160 to 78, admits that the attitude of his party lost him the fight. He endeavoured to retrieve their error by declaring himself in favour of excluding "undesirable" aliens. Some of the Liberal journals are now discovering that, on the whole, it may be advisable to keep out immigrants who increase pauperism and sweated labour. If the Government should reintroduce the Aliens Bill, the Opposition leaders will be in a rather embarrassing dilemma. They must either oppose the Bill, as they did last year, or confess that the tactics employed then were unreasonable. There can be little doubt that public opinion is in favour of restrictions on the admission of aliens, although there is no desire to keep out the capable and self-supporting.



# THE KING'S SYMPATHY WITH THE CHURCH ARMY: THE CHIEF AND HIS WORK.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



A GREAT SOCIAL REFORM AGENCY: SCENES OF THE CHURCH ARMY'S WORK AMONG THE SUBMERGED TENTH.

On January 13 King Edward received the Rev. W. Carlile, the head of the Church Army, and had a long conversation with him about the rescue work of the organisation. The King gave Mr. Carlile the following message: "Give to your devoted workers my deepest sympathy; encourage them to press on and persevere. I also send my deepest sympathy to the poor inmates of your homes. I hope they, too, will persevere, and will show gratitude for the benefits they receive."

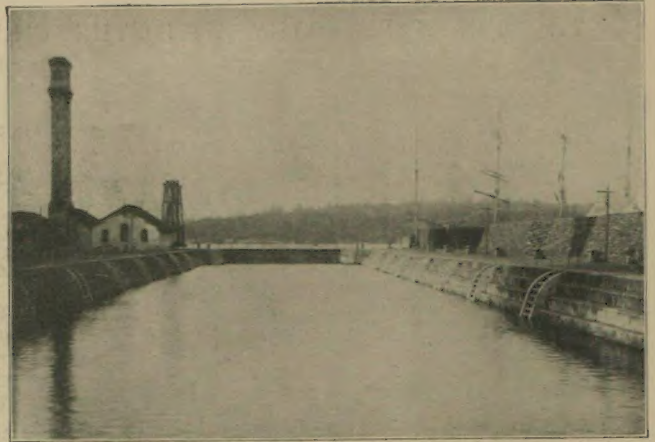




Photo. Topical Press.

THE GREAT LANDSLIDE AT DOVER: THE FALLEN CLIFF.

A large mass of cliff eastwards of St. Margaret's Bay fell on January 20, leaving a gap, as clean as if cut with a knife, about 200 feet wide and 30 feet deep.



ABANDONED BY THE ADMIRALTY: THE DRY DOCK AT ESQUIMALT, VANCOUVER.

The Admiralty intends to abandon this dock, and also that at Halifax, Nova Scotia. The latter will be taken by Canada as a terminus for the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.



Photo. Lambourn.

OUR LATEST AMERICAN PEERESS: HOME-COMING OF LORD AND LADY SUFFOLK.

Lord Suffolk, who recently married Miss Daisy Leiter, sister of Lady Curzon, brought his bride home to Malmesbury on January 12. The ancient town was decorated.



Photo. Bell.

TEA-CHESTS TURNED TINDER-BOXES: DEBRIS OF THE LIPTON FIRE AT GLASGOW.

On the morning of January 13 damage to the extent of £30,000 was done to Lipton's Stores at Glasgow. A warehouse five stories high was completely wrecked.



Photo. B&L.

ARCTIC SCENERY AT SOUTHEAST: THE SURF FROZEN DURING THE RECENT SUDDEN FROST.

Not since January 1881 has Southend seen the surf of its foreshore for nearly a mile seawards turned to ice. The phenomenon was, however, repeated during the sudden frost of January 16.



Photo. Topical Press.

THE LAW COURTS MEMORIAL STATUE OF THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE.

The statue of Lord Russell of Killenry was unveiled by Lord Halsbury on January 11. Speeches were delivered by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Alverstone, and Mr. Choate, the United States Ambassador.

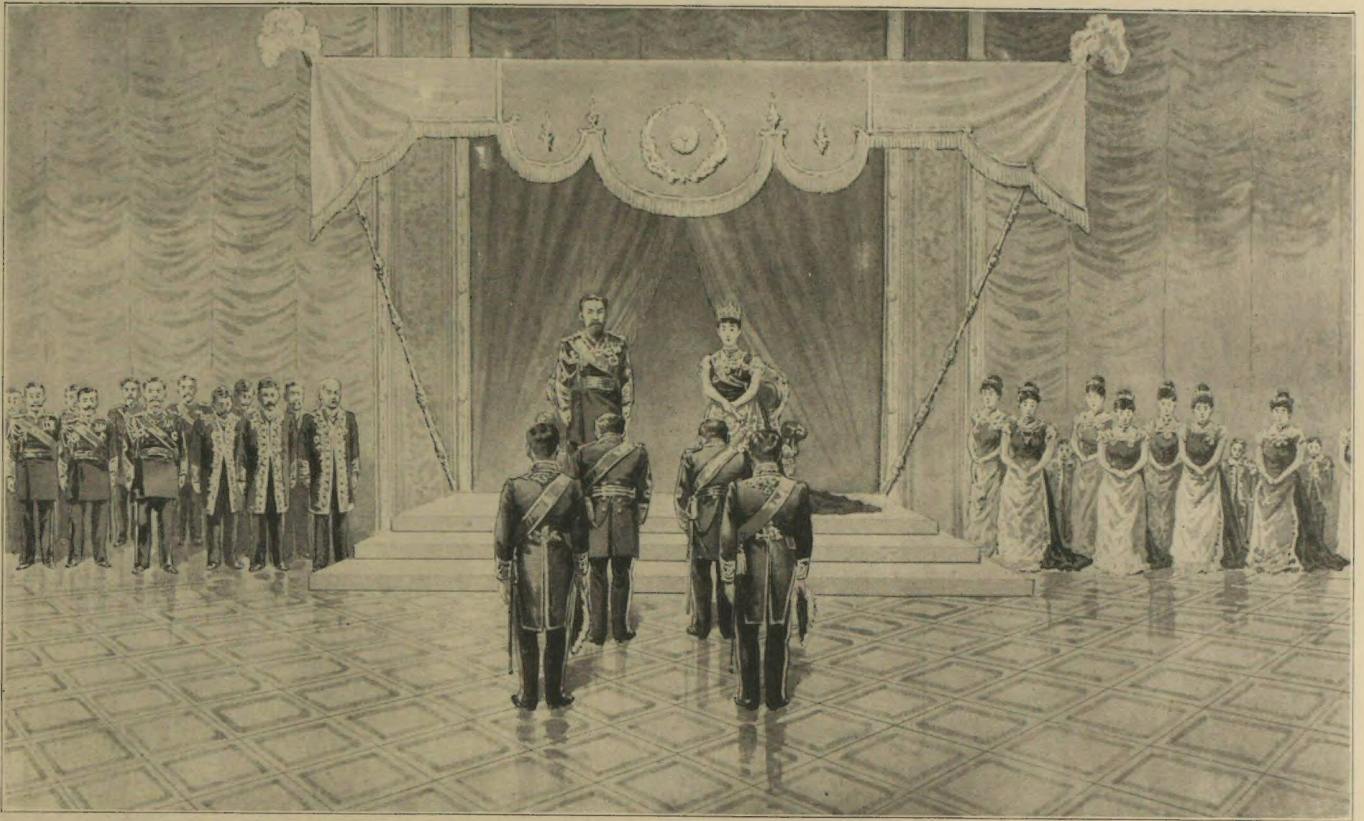


Photo. Topical Press.

THE ST. PAUL'S MEMORIAL TO WAR-CORRESPONDENTS WHO DIED IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The memorial tablet erected by the Institute of Journalists to the memory of thirteen correspondents who died in South Africa was unveiled by Lord Roberts on January 14. Almost the last, but not the least, name is that of George Warrington Stevens.





THE MIKADO'S NEW YEAR: A NATIVE ARTIST'S PICTURE OF A RECEPTION BY THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF JAPAN AT THE ROYAL PALACE, TOKIO.  
DRAWING SUPPLIED BY MR. T. RUDDIMAN JOHNSTON.



1. A SCENE IN DON QUIXOTE'S COUNTRY: A STREET IN ARGAMASILLA DE ALBA, LA MANCHA. 2. REPUTED PLACE WHERE THE FIRST PART OF "DON QUIXOTE" WAS COMPOSED: THE PRISON OF CERVANTES, A CELLAR IN CASA DE MEDRANO, ARGAMASILLA. 3. A CROSS AT ARGAMASILLA. 4. THE REPUTED BIRTHPLACE OF CERVANTES: HOUSE AT ALCAZAR DE SAN JUAN. 5. A VIEW NEAR ARGAMASILLA. 6. THE ENTRANCE TO "CERVANTES' PRISON," IN THE PATIO OF THE CASA DE MEDRANO.

THE TERCENTENARY OF THE PUBLICATION OF "DON QUIXOTE": SCENES IN LA MANCHA, THE RUFFUL KNIGHT'S TERRITORY, AND AN ERRONEOUSLY NAMED "BIRTHPLACE OF CERVANTES."—[DRAWN BY ALLAN STUART FROM SKETCHES BY J. S. MACLAREN.]



# DAMMING THE THAMES: THE PROPOSED SOLUTION OF THE PORT OF LONDON PROBLEM BY A BARRAGE AT GRAVESEND.

DRAWN BY C. J. DE LACY FROM THE PLANS OF THE PROJECTOR, MR. JAMES CASEY, M.I.N.A.



THE BARRIER AND LOCKS BETWEEN GRAVESEND AND TILBURY, WITH THE LINE OF THE PROPOSED RAILWAY TUNNEL.

Mr. Casey aims at the construction of a barrage provided with four locks, two of a thousand feet in length, and two of eight hundred feet, for the passage of shipping. There would also be sluices to regulate the flow and necessary scour of the river-bed during ebb tide. The barrage would be of solid concrete with granite facings, and in the base would be constructed a railway tunnel connecting Kent and Essex. The object of the dam is to solve the problem of the Port of London by providing a uniform depth of thirty feet of water above the barrier instead of dredging the river to a depth of thirty feet between Halfway Reach and Gravesend, as was proposed by a Royal Commission. The barrage would render the Thames independent of tides.



## GLASS - EYED BILL.

By LLOYD OSBOURNE.



Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

HE was plainly new to God's country, and showed it by his artless contempt of God's Own. Bob Hammil, the driver of the Las Vegas stage, condescended a little to his only passenger—offered him a nip, together with a few reflections on the universe—and went out of his way to say some nice things about "over thar." But the straight-backed, yellow-moustached, soldierly-looking gentleman from "over thar" received these advances with inarticulate murmurs of repression, and, on their being repeated, turned away the light of his countenance from Robert Hammil and engrossed himself in the scenery of California. This was a pity, not only for its tacit denial of the brotherhood of man, but because it later on involved the descent of the straight-back gentleman into what might be called space—together with a dressing-case, despatch-box, hat-box, portmanteau, gun-case, portable bath, and a roll of steamer-rugs. The stage dropped him at the dusty cross-roads, disappearing in the direction of what a rusty iron notice said was Watsonville, while the erstwhile passenger gazed blankly at another on which was the half-obliterated inscription: El Nido Ranch.

A little unbending on the part of the gentleman from "over thar" would have resulted in Bob's taking a detour and disembarking him all complete at his destination, and this for no other toll than a grasp of the hand at parting and a hearty "You're welcome," as he whipped up his four horses. But Captain Anstruther was unused to a scheme of things where a ready fellowship counted for more than money. All his life people had automatically arisen to carry his luggage, move him in the proper direction, and answer generally for his comfort and well-being. To find himself on a dusty road in the heart of a wild and lonely country, an orphan traveller, so to speak, with nobody to take care of him but himself—was it any wonder that Captain Claude George Pennifeild Anstruther looked somewhat depressed, or that the tails of his puggaree drooped limply in the ambient air of the Golden State?

Of course he had a puggaree and strange enormous shoes with hobnails in them, and a wonderful checked knickerbocker costume involving a weird variety of gaiter that stopped half-way up his calf. He was no less singular inside than out; and next his skin was a leather money-belt, and he was wound round and round with flannel to keep him from having cholera, and concealed about his person was a silver drinking-cup that cost eight guineas at Silver's, and a compact little filter that weighed only a pound, and an extraordinary knife of extraordinary size, which had a folding spoon in it and a gimlet and a saw and a sailor's needle. He had been "outfitted" in London at an expense of a hundred pounds sterling, and that was why he clanked as he walked, and dug things into him when he sat down. Why California should require such terrific preparations it is not for the narrator to say. Perhaps it is because the narrator does not know. Does anybody know, indeed, why the Briton abroad should so often assume a guise likely to tempt the lightning from its path and interfere with the stars in their courses?

Captain Claude George Pennifeild Anstruther regarded his dressing-case, despatch-box, hat-box, portmanteau, gun-case, portable bath, and roll of steamer-rugs with a dawning sense that British solidity and deadweight might be carried too far. He was even more of this opinion by the time he had conveyed these articles to

the shelter of some adjacent chapparral and had lopped off (with the help of the knife with the folding spoon, the gimlet, saw, and sailor's needle) enough dusty branches to hide them from the gaze of possible passers-by.

This accomplished, he set off, in no very rosy frame of mind, to follow the road to El Nido Ranch. He did not step out with the air of a man assured of a bath, a Scotch-and-soda, and a hospitable welcome. On the contrary, he wore the set expression of one charged with a very disagreeable duty; and his mind, instead of dwelling on the beautiful and romantic scenery, was weighted like lead besides with the memory of a dressing-case, despatch-box, hat-box, portmanteau, gun-case, portable bath, and roll of steamer-rugs left unchecked in the cloak-room of high heaven. However, he advanced manfully, swinging a very thick stick, and printing the mountain road with a hobnailed pattern that puzzled the school-children for days afterwards. A mile—two miles—and then

owner or foreman of the ranch. The privacy of this place was protected by a board which said succinctly: "Keep Out"; but the Englishman, undeterred by the warning, kept in, and strode up the gravel walk to the rose-embowered porch beyond. He was a little daunted, however, by the prevailing silence. He would have welcomed the bark of a dog, or some gruff voice demanding what he wanted. To walk into such a tomb-like quiet made him uncomfortable. He saw himself in imagination possibly misjudged; beset may-be; and his hand tightened on his stick, and he set his feet down more loudly than ever to assert the uprightness of his intentions. He tramped up the three steps leading to the porch like a mule battery going into action. But the stillness remained unbroken, save by any noise but his own.

He looked about in perplexity until at last, in the darkest and furthest corner he detected a hammock; and saw, not without relief, that it was occupied by a recumbent figure. He went over to it, still in

his heavy, soldierly fashion, and looked down on—well, what in his own words he used to describe afterwards as: "Pon my soul, the most beautiful creacha' I was ever privileged to gaze upon—Gad, a girl of twenty, with her lips a little parted on the whitest teeth you ever saw, and her breath coming and going as faint as a baby's in a cot; and beauty? Why, it was like seeing the Taj Mahal by moonlight—the same indescribable what-d'ye-callum, you know, when something seems to take you by the

throat and you gasp, my boy, positively gasp!"

She was dressed in silvery grey, with a wide lace collar about her neck, and in her thick, rumpled chestnut hair there lay a single red carnation. She was as fresh and sweet and exquisite as the flower itself; and in contrast to the dust and heat without the sight of her was as refreshing as a splashing pool in the depths of a woody canyon. The Captain, after his first moment of surprise, began to wonder what steps he ought to take to awaken her. Every instinct as a gentleman bade him cough; so he coughed. At first so gently that it was almost a lullaby, and then by degrees rising to an honest, growling, bull-doggish cough that seemed to say: "Wake up, confound you!"

At last she stirred, and opened her eyes and met those of the stranger looking down at her. He said hastily—"I beg your pardon," and betrayed enough agitation to spill a box of sweets and a half-opened novel from the chair beside him. The girl sat up in the hammock, still gazing at him with astonishment, and asked him who he was and where he came from.

"Gad, Sir, in a voice like a Cashmiri flute on the Lake of Selangor, borne over the water at dusk! Or the bulbul in one of those mouldy old gardens where the Rajput princes held high revel in the Company days!"

"My name is Anstruther," he said, picking chocolate creams off the floor. "Captain Anstruther of the tooth Dragon Guards—British Army, you know."

She smiled at him without saying a word.

"You are, I presume, Miss Helen Jaffrey?" he went on.

She showed the least little sign of embarrassment, and coloured perceptibly as she assented with a movement of her head.

"Extraordinary!" ejaculated the Captain. "Most extraordinary!"

"Why?" she asked.



British solidity and deadweight might be carried too far.

he came in sight of some straggly red buildings on a hill. The Captain pegged away; the red buildings grew redder and larger; one of them, almost a factory for size, curtly informing him in letters ten feet high that it was a

## WINERY.

The stranger breathed a sigh of relief. He knew now that he had arrived at his destination. He struck off a little to the right where a good-sized private house, surrounded by a paling fence, obviously sheltered the



It was the Captain's turn to look put out. "I'm not accustomed to awaken the young ladies I call on," he said. "I pride myself on being a man of the world, but positively, for once, I felt myself staggered."

"There was my side of it too," she said.

They both laughed, and the Captain asked permission to take a chair. He could be a very agreeable man when he chose, and it was plain that he was choosing. His manner was almost too ingratiating, and Helen could not but wonder inwardly what he was after.

"My business—is rather with your father," he said.

"He's at the Hot Springs, sick," she said. "I'm running the Winery for him. Can't you make me do?"

"You don't mean to say you are in charge of this whole establishment?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, I'm the boss here," she returned, "though of course I have Pa on the wire, you know. What can I do for you, Captain? We'll only be too glad to make an opening over there for our wines—that is, if your rating is good and you represent responsible people."

"Oh, it isn't wine," said the Captain hastily. "It's—it's something very different!"

"You can ring up Pa in the next room," she said helpfully. "Call up Long Distance and ask for Byron Hot Springs."

"It isn't the kind of thing you can very well telephone," said the Captain.

"Then you'd better chase him up to Byron," remarked the young lady.

"But you're in it too,"

explained Anstruther. "It's really more you than anybody. I've come from England just to see you."

"Me?" she cried.

"Yes, you," said the Captain.

"Then what do you want Pa for?" she demanded.

"I thought it would be better to lay it before him first," he returned.

"You'd better begin with me," she said. "That is, if you want to get anywhere. I have Pa in my pocket, as politicians say."

"Haven't you a man employed here called Gray?" he inquired. "An Englishman like myself—a gentleman—though he fills, I understand, rather a subordinate position?"

"Oh, yes," she said; "only he's mostly called Bill, you know. I should say he is here. Very much here indeed!"

"His real name is William Charles Hepworth St. John Gray," said the Captain impressively.

"Well, all he's got left of that is his eye-glass," she said. "That's why the boys called him Glass-Eyed Bill, you know."

"It took the Captain a little time to get over the shock. 'I have a particular reason to know all about Mr. Gray,' he said at last.

"Such a reason might be friendly or unfriendly," she said.

The Englishman sprang from his chair.

"My dear young lady," he exclaimed, "I wouldn't have you think for a moment that my interest could be for anything but for his advantage. I beg you to believe that. It would be premature to explain why, but will you not take it on trust? Besides, it is not as though I did not know the whole miserable story of his decline and virtual disappearance. All I ask of you is to fill in the details."

She gave him a very searching look. The Captain did not suffer from such a mute interrogation, and his straight, honest gaze reassured her. Something about him was indefinably reminiscent of Bill.

"You must be related to him," she said.

"That is why I am here," he returned gravely. "That is why I want you to tell me everything."

"When he first blew in here," said the girl, "he was the most forlorn, hopeless, tattered thing you ever saw. Ah Sue gave him something to eat on the doorstep—(Ah Sue has a heart like melted butter, you know)—and I happened to be passing through the kitchen and saw him there. Do you know what he said to me, sticking his eyeglass in his eye and speaking with his mouth full of chicken tomale? Said he understood now why pigs squealed when they ate! If he hadn't said that I suppose he'd have gone away and that would have been the end of him. But I couldn't resist a man like that, could I? Besides, it was awfully pitiful—he was so evidently the real thing—so handsome even in his terrible clothes—a gentleman, you know."

The Captain wriggled nervously on his chair. These recollections seemed to

"Oh, he did everything," assented the Captain comprehensively.

"He's on the water-wagon now," she remarked; "been there for a year and a half. Is going to stay, too."

"Water-wagon?" inquired the Captain. "Is that the vernacular for—for—?"

"I mean I have reformed him," she explained. "I guess you wouldn't know Bill now. He has money in the bank and drinks coffee with his meals!"

The Captain looked more depressed than ever.

"I suppose we ought all to thank you," he said. "Yes, indeed, we are very grateful to you."

"I don't want you to think I am just a little angel," she went on, "or that I go around radiating reform like a lawn-sprinkler sprinkling. I'm quite a believer in letting people mind their own business. But you see in this case Bill brought it on his own head."

"That's where he usually brought things," said the Captain. "Often pretty hard too!"

"He never was a nipping kind of man, thank



*He betrayed enough agitation to spill a box of sweets and a half-opened novel from the chair beside him.*

make him acutely uncomfortable. His shrewd, tanned face was bright with an interest not untouched with shame. Had Helen needed any reassurance as to his concern in Bill, the expression of his face would have been sufficient.

"We knew he was in very low water," he said. "We knew he had parted from nearly all the associations—the refinements of . . . Had lost caste, and sunk lower and lower in the Western Avernus—but we never dreamed he had been reduced to—"

"The chicken of charity," said the girl, filling in the gap.

"I would call it rather the husks of the Prodigal Son," said the Captain solemnly.

"Are you the elder brother?" she asked.

"No, no," returned the Captain, "only what you might call—a friend, a—"

"Bill didn't have any friends," she said bitterly. "Only an aunt, that's all. Except for her, he said there wasn't a soul in England who would have walked round the block to help him."

Captain Anstruther looked depressed.

"He was wrong," he said. "He was wrong."

"Of course the trouble with Bill was that he drank," she said.

months, and a perfect pattern before we got on to it. Pa at last made him the Dago foreman, you know, and we were really beginning to think we had found our long-lost child. He was always so polite, you know, and hard-working and reliable; and he just smuggled into the place like a dog that's followed you home. Pa said it was all too good to be true; and I guess Pa was right, for one hot Sunday afternoon a man came running in to say that Bill was fighting drunk and was waltzing around the yard with a pistol to shoot Mr. Jackson with (our chemist, you know, and expert wine-maker), and that he was drawing beads on anybody that tried to stop him. Even while he was talking we heard bang, bang, bang! out there, and Mr. Jackson came pelting in like a jack-rabbit—not a bit hurt, you know, but like a person on a sinking ship wanting to catch the last boat. I started upstairs to get under the bed, but I hadn't got up a step before I saw Pa reaching for his Winchester and pinning his deputy sheriff badge on the lapel of his coat. I knew that was the end of Bill, and it came over me I couldn't bear to have him killed—he was too big and splendid to be shot down like a dog; and anyway, I had never liked Jackson since he had tried to kiss me once at a dance—and so I just ran out to see if something couldn't be done.

(To be concluded.)



SPECTRES OF THE SIEGE: GENERAL STOESSSEL VISITING THE WAR-WORN DEFENDERS OF PORT ARTHUR.

DRAWN BY L. SABATIER.



WEARIED OUT WITH THE COLLAPSE OF THE SIEGE THAT INDUCED GENERAL STOESSSEL TO RETIRE.

*In the morning of the 15th, the exhausted defenders of Port Arthur, after a long and hard struggle, were forced to surrender. The general, General Stoessel, was one of the few who remained in the city until the very end.*



REALISING THE WAR FOR THE PUBLIC AT TOKIO: A CYCLORAMA OF NAN-SHAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KARL LEWIS.



A REALISTIC MODEL: KUSHING THE BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENT AT NAN-SHAN, AS SHOWN IN THE TOKIO CYCLORAMA.



HOW THE PEOPLE OF TOKIO SEE NAN-SHAN: THE RUSHING OF THE HEIGHTS, AS REPRESENTED IN THE CYCLORAMA.



# CHAMPAGNE AND SHELLS: OFFICERS' CONVIVIALITY INTERRUPTED AT PORT ARTHUR.

DRAWN BY R. CATOV WOODVILLE



CHAMPAGNE TO THE END: A RESTAURANT IN SHELLED PORT ARTHUR.

*It has been announced from Port Arthur since the surrender that during the siege champagne was always obtainable, though meat and vegetables had long been at a premium or were entirely unobtainable.*



## A WEDDING ON STILTS: A CURIOUS MANCHURIAN CUSTOM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A BRITISH ATTACHÉ WITH THE JAPANESE FORCES.



A CURIOUS SIGHT FOR THE INVADERS: JAPANESE SOLDIERS FOLLOWING THE BRIDAL PROCESSION.



NUPTIALS IN LEADING STRINGS: THE VEILED BRIDE ESCORTED THROUGH A MANCHURIAN VILLAGE.

*The bride in this procession may be said to go into wedlock even more blindly than brides usually do, for she is so closely veiled that she has to be led by two supporters. The nerve which she displays in trusting herself to stilts at so critical a moment ought to be abundantly gratifying to her husband.*



## "THE ONE POINT OF DANGER."

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE DAILY LIFE OF THE AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN, THE BUFFER STATE BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND RUSSIA, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY A EUROPEAN RESIDENT WHO WAS ON INTIMATE TERMS WITH THE AMIR.

THE DISPATCH by the Government of India of a political mission to Kabul under an official of the Indian Foreign Office, and the arrival in India, on a visit to the Viceroy, of Prince Habibullah's son, have once again directed public attention to Afghanistan and to the interesting personality of our ally the Amir. Mr. Balfour's recent reference, too, to the defence of Afghanistan as the problem of the British Army, renders information about that country more than ever timely. We have been fortunate in obtaining from a European who has been resident in Kabul material for the drawings of some incidents in the Amir's daily life, which we are enabled to publish to-day.

AMIR, ON ENGLISH MOTOR, LEAVING ARAK PALACE.

To be up to date in all the newest things is always the Amir's endeavour, and there are few of the latest inventions in lamps, stoves, phonographs,



THE AMIR A DEVOTEE OF ANCIENT SPORT: HAWKING ON THE HILLS ROUND KABUL.  
DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM SKETCHES BY AN OFFICIAL IN THE AMIR'S SERVICE.

gramophones, cycles, etc., that are not to be found in his private stores. In one of our pictures the Amir is represented on his English motor, taking the evening drive he is so fond of when not prevented by matters of State importance, which always take precedence of private affairs. Before submitting his person to the mercy of the chauffeur, the latter is made to show his skill on the narrow paths and sharp corners of the Arak Garden, where he is put through an examination by the Amir at once severe and searching. Further, the chauffeur, on all occasions when driving his royal master, has the comforting assurance that any accident will certainly be put down to design, and then his own imagination can supply the rest without in any way exceeding the probable subsequent events which would concern him intimately.

AMIR AND PRINCES PLAYING CRICKET.

The Amir, although a stout man, is fond of athletics and gymnastics, and in





WESTERN WAYS AT THE COURT OF KABUL: THE AMIR, ON HIS ENGLISH MOTOR-CAR, LEAVING THE ARAK PALACE.

*The Amir's desire is to keep himself abreast of the times, and most new inventions are to be found in his stores. He often uses a motor-car for his evening drives, and his chauffeur has no sinecure, for the Sovereign himself puts him through a severe examination among the narrow paths and sharp corners of the Arak garden. The chauffeur knows that any accident will be put down to design, and that he will suffer accordingly.*



THE AMIR AS A WESTERN ARTILLERY EXPERT: TESTING THE WORK OF HIS OWN FACTORIES.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT FROM SKETCHES BY AN OFFICIAL IN THE AMIR'S SERVICE.



THE AMIR TESTING A MAXIM DURING THE NEW YEAR'S INSPECTION AT SHAHRARA, A SUMMER PALACE NEAR KABUL.

*The Amir pays particular attention to his gun-factory, and at the New Year inspects all the arms manufactured during the past twelve months. He sometimes sits down to a Maxim and fires off a belt of cartridges, clearing away and getting rid of any machine which does not give a satisfactory result.*





THE AMIR'S FONDNESS FOR THE ENGLISH NATIONAL GAME: THE RULER AND PRINCES OF AFGHANISTAN PLAYING CRICKET.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM SKETCHES BY AN OFFICIAL IN THE AMIR'S SERVICE.

*Crickets and tennis are in high favour with the Amir. When his Highness is at the wicket it is neither etiquette nor good policy to bowl him balls that give him no chance of "slogging," for he is an expert at boundary hits. An Afghan game called "Tōf-lāzee," played with a wooden bat and ball, may be one cause of the popularity of cricket at the Court of Kabul.*



THE DOOM OF SECRET AGENTS: BLOWING AN OFFENDER FROM THE SHERPUR TIME-GUN.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICIAL IN THE AMIR'S SERVICE.



A SURVIVAL OF THE MCINEERS' PUNISHMENT: A TERRIBLE USE OF THE MIDDAY GUN ON SHERPUR HILL.

*Spies of their own race are held in particular abhorrence by the Afghans, and such, when caught, are reserved for the doom devised for the mutinous Sepoys in 1858. The time-gun on Sherpur Hill is used for the execution. The Moslem dreads dismemberment above all things, for he believes that unless his body is intact he cannot enter Paradise.*



the summer months he often plays cricket with the Princes and others of his personal staff, cricket and tennis being the only English games he indulges in. It need hardly be said that when the Amir is batting it is not etiquette (nor, indeed, is it good policy) to bowl him balls which give no

to one of his shooting-grounds, which are strictly reserved for himself. A large number of packhorses and mules always follow the Amir when he goes out, carrying tents, cooking utensils, food, and all other things necessary for a two or three days' stay, should the Amir choose to do so instead of returning to the city that day. When out shooting he not infrequently camps on the ground there when the bag is good, in order to enjoy further sport in the morning.

**AMIR AND OFFICIALS ATTENDING MOSQUE AT THE END OF "RAMAZAN."** The Amir is a very strict Mohammedan, and at the end of the month of

"Ramazan," which enjoins thirty days fasting on all good Mussulmans, Habibullah and his officials, together with as many of the people who can crowd in, attend the "Juma" Mosque: no Mussulman women are allowed to attend these services. The Juma Mosque is the largest in Kabul, holding some two thousand men, and was built by the late Amir, who made it a matter of conscience that all Mussulmans in Kabul, without distinction, should carry at least one stone from the neighbouring mountains to be used in its construction. It is an imposing sight to see the vast concourse of people, for not only is the mosque filled to overflowing, but the large grounds surrounding it are also filled with men, so that some fifty to sixty thousand are present, all of them standing and genuflecting as one man during the process of the ceremony. In the mosque the chief mollah, or priest, stands behind him comes the Amir, and after them in long rows the officials and people. After the ceremony the Amir takes up a position outside, and chats to one or another of the Princes and officials while



THE AMIR'S FAVOUR FOR ENGLISH WAYS: A DOG-CART DRIVE, ONE OF HIS HIGHNESS'S FAVOURITE PASTIMES.

SKETCH BY MELTON PRIOR FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN OFFICIAL IN THE AMIR'S SERVICE.

chance of slogging, at which he is rather an adept, sending some balls well out of bounds, unless, as sometimes happens, they are stopped by the person of a young attendant whose attention is for the moment elsewhere. Cricket very much resembles one of the Afghan games called "Töp-bázee," which is also played with a wooden bat and ball; and that, no doubt, is the reason it appeals to Afghans more than any other English game.

**AMIR HAWKING ON HILLS ROUND KABUL.** Hawking is an ancient Afghan sport, and, although not so popular as it once was, still holds its own. The Amir usually has his falcons with him when out shooting, to fly at wounded birds; but on some days he will mount horse, and, accompanied by his falconers, go away into the neighbouring hills. There, riding over seemingly inaccessible places, he enjoys himself in the manner of his forefathers, and, flushing partridge, grouse, or blue pigeon, lets fly his falcon at them. The Amir seems insensible to fatigue on these occasions, and traverses long distances, returning to Kabul in the evening; but those with him whose sporting instincts are perhaps not so keen as to override mere bodily fatigue very often hang limply in the saddle on the return journey.

**AMIR DRIVING IN DOGCART.** Although the Amir on no occasion goes out without a large number of guards attending him, such being deemed befitting the rank and dignity of a King, he will often, when going shooting or for his own pleasure, travel with as little ostentation as possible. He is very fond of driving in a dogcart accompanied by some highly favoured official, and will in this way drive out to one of his summer palaces and spend the evening there—all his residences being kept ready for use at any moment—or he will drive out



INSPECTING PART OF OUR INDIAN BULWARK: THE REVIEW ON THE FEAST OF SACRIFICES.

SKETCH BY MELTON PRIOR FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN OFFICIAL IN THE AMIR'S SERVICE.

the people stream past, salaaming as they go. Then the Amir leaves, preceded by guards to clear the way, and followed by his relatives and officials and other guards, one particular servant running alongside him, holding over his head the gold-embroidered royal umbrella.



# BLOWING SPIES FROM THE MIDDAY GUN ON SHERPUR HILL.

Among Afghans one person in particular is held in abhorrence, and that is a spy of their own people; and such, when found out, receives sudden and summary justice. On a low flat hill near the Sherpur cantonments is a large old-fashioned gun which for many years has been fired at the hour of mid-day, and on some occasions it has been used for the purpose of some poor wretch; for such people as spies are tied up against the muzzle of the gun and at the same time are blown to atoms. In that country there are various ways of executing people, but for the punishment of crimes intended to strike terror into the hearts of others, blowing from a gun is resorted to; and in view of other methods of execution in vogue there, it is one which ought to occasion a condemned person a certain amount of satisfaction, inasmuch as it is swift.

A spy who crosses the frontier into Afghanistan carries his life in his hand, and from that time until he returns nothing is known of him. Should he never return who can say what his fate has been—whether killed by the hill people when travelling through the country (for they are not kind

## AMIR TESTING GUNS AT SHAHRARA.

A matter to which the Amir devotes much time and attention is the output from the famous workshops at Kabul. It is the custom on Nau Roz—the New Year of the Mussulman—for the Amir to examine all guns, rifles, and appurtenances turned out of the workshops during the year; the guns, etc., being laid out for inspection at Shahrara, a summer palace which lies about a mile out of the city. In this inspection the Amir takes the keenest interest, and will, at times, train a gun at a mark on the opposite hill-side, inspecting the breech, rifling, etc., after each shot; or he will sit down to a Maxim and fire a belt of cartridges out of that; and woe betide the unlucky master-workman whose gun does not give satisfaction! For although workmen are by his order exempt from the death penalty, except in cases of murder, and not always then, yet they can be, and often are, put in irons and made to work in the shops all day, with a Sepoy over them to see they do so, and at night taken back to prison; or, if these gentle methods fail, they are thrashed with sticks, receiving twenty to two hundred blows while stretched "spread-eagle" on the ground.



BUSINESS OF STATE: THE AMIR RECEIVING AN AFRIDI DEPUTATION.

DRAWN BY MELTON PRIOR FROM SKETCHES BY AN OFFICIAL IN THE AMIR'S SERVICE.

to strangers) or imprisoned in some obscure town until he dies, or whether tortured to make confession and then killed in the capital?

## AMIR RECEIVING AFRIDI DEPUTATION.

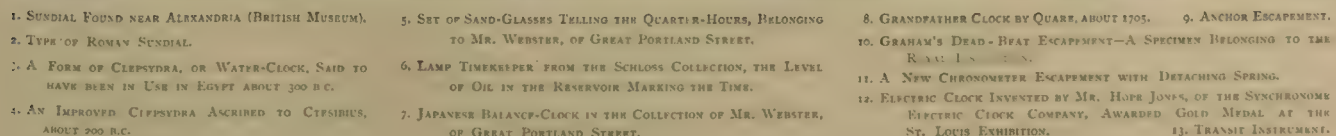
Not the least difficult of the many problems to be dealt with by the ruler of Afghanistan is that of keeping the tribes in order. After the invasion of their strongholds by the British troops, many of the Afridis left their country; and, going over to Afghan territory, invoked the mercy and help of the great Amir. Being many thousands in number, the Amir ordered several of their headmen to be sent to Kabul, and there had them brought before him to listen to their petitions. They are represented here in the great Darbar Room in Arak, the Amir, surrounded by his officials, listening while they eloquently voice their grievances in choice Pushtoo. The situation, for the Amir, was not without its responsibilities, for he had to satisfy his co-religionists, of whom he is the spiritual head, without in any way complicating his relations with his powerful ally against whom they had been fighting—and an Oriental is in no way backward in demanding redress of his grievances or in thinking himself further injured if such are not listened to. In the present instance, the Amir's diplomacy sufficed to prevent strained relations, and the Afridis were given land and money to live on; but the restraint of the Government proved irksome, for they are exceptionally lawless, and after a few months they returned whence they came.

## AMIR REVIEWING TROOPS ON THE FESTIVAL OF "ID."

The Festival of 'Id, or the "Feast of Sacrifices," is a great day in Kabul, and all men, no matter how poor, see that they have new clothes to wear on that day, and money saved wherewith to buy refreshments to offer their friends who come in to wish them the compliments of the season; for the day is spent by the bulk of the people, after attending the mosque, in visiting one another. Should a man be so poor that he cannot do this, then he locks himself into his house and spends the day alone in shame and sorrow. But such cases are rare, for a man will beg, borrow, or steal rather than be shamed before his friends.

It is the custom on this day for the Amir, after prayers in the big, or Juma, Mosque, to hold a review of troops on the large plain opposite, his arrival there being greeted with a salvo of 101 guns—old muzzle-loading 20-pounders are kept for this purpose—after which the Amir inspects the different regiments of foot, horse, and artillery, who are then marched past him in line. Failure on the part of any officer to attend on that day carries a heavy fine. The troops are subsequently marched along the roads back to their barracks in Sherpur, the sides of the road being densely crowded with people watching the "tamasha," not the least of which is the passing by of the Amir with his bodyguard and officials, preceded by the State elephants decked with gaudy trappings.













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## LADIES' PAGE.

Their Majesties do all in their power to keep the social ball rolling, and circulate money in those channels that are dependent on the activity of the fashionable world. There will be two Courts held before the King and Queen go abroad for their early spring change. The King is expected to go to Cannes and the Queen to Denmark for a few weeks early in March. The Lord Chamberlain announces that he is prepared to receive applications from ladies qualified to attend the Courts, and names of those whom they may desire to be permitted to present. No lady may introduce more than one other, except in the event of her daughter-in-law being presented. The notification is repeated that those who were presented during the late reign do not need to be presented again to the present Sovereigns. Of course, those previously presented may be invited to attend the Courts. These events are now more interesting than of old; the arrangements allow of people seeing others far better than used to be the case. When in Queen Victoria's reign the Courts were held at three o'clock, evening dress was donned for the garish eyes of day, jewels lost the added lustre of artificial brilliant lighting; and those who attended Court spent some tedious hours shut up in small batches in the successive rooms before they passed "the presence"; and then, immediately after that great moment, wrapped themselves in their cloaks and hastened to get home to tea, which by that time they sorely needed. Now the evening cheerful light and warmth, the well-arranged in the large rooms, and the fact that the refreshment and reception rooms remain open after the royal receiving is ended, allow everybody to see and be seen; and the visit to Court is no longer merely a duty, but a pleasure.

Women cannot but be glad that the heroic wife of General Stoessel has come safely through the horrors of the long siege. In refusing the offered opportunity to leave the beleaguered city some time ago, Madame Stoessel proposed to herself not only to comfort and support her husband in his gigantic task, but also to fulfil the woman's part in warfare—to tend the wounded and organise the relief of misery as far as possible. This she has done by all testimony unweariedly and splendidly. In the account of the first interview between the victorious General and the brave but conquered



AFTERNOON "AT HOME" GOWN.

*A pretty dress very suitable for a hostess to wear at her own tea-party. It is in striped tulle of a light colour, with ruche and bows of the same on bolero and skirt, and lace collar and frills.*

defender, it appears that Madame Stoessel was present; for it was she, so the correspondent says, who made the statesmanlike request that the Japanese would occupy the city immediately, in order to check the possible outbreak of rapine on the part of some thousands of camp-followers of the lowest kind, who had been shut up with the besieged. She is the mother of one son, and is a clever-looking woman a few years under fifty.

Every new season brings with it a prophecy from apparently well-informed sources that the blouse is to

be abandoned and must thenceforward be regarded as practically defunct. It soon transpires that women have too much realisation of the comfort and convenience of the style to allow it to depart. The separate loosely fitting bodice of a material different from the skirt is, indeed, eminently a sensible fashion. One good skirt will outwear at least two bodices, and what can be more sensible than to permit an alternative one to be worn under the title of a blouse? Again, many women do not look well in black, and they can by the aid of the blouse beautifully enjoy the advantage of setting near their faces the tint most becoming to them, while a plain black skirt spells that economy that all but the most lavishly extravagant women keep in view to some extent. There is certainly no diminution this winter in the favour shown to the blouse. It is now considered better taste to have a colour relationship between the skirt and the blouse worn with it; but this does not apply to a black jupe, which may be allied with any tint desired in the extra corsage. The new blouses, it is true, are for the most part made more nearly fitting to the figure than of old. They are more decorated, too, only the flannel or cashmere shirt worn in the morning being quite untrimmed and of the simplest possible construction. Some of the smart blouses designed for afternoon wear must be admitted to be as elaborate and as fully trimmed as the most complicated of dress-bodices; but there is always a certain suggestion of looseness in the blouse by comparison, and there also is the advantage that it allows of a change of colour or style from the bodice that would have been made, or that actually has been sent home, with the skirt.

Velvet or velveteen makes an excellent afternoon blouse. The fabric is so graceful in its drapings and the lights and shades which it naturally takes; besides, the colours in which it is offered are delightful and most varied, so that it is perfectly easy to obtain a shade that suits the purpose in view. A very simple design is effective in velveteen. A deep collar is arranged to go over the shoulders (laid upon lining, as two thicknesses of this material are too much) and cut away in a V-shape, more or less to taste, to be filled in with a tiny vest and stand-up collar of écarle lace over white, or with a vest of the same colour as the velveteen in silk; below the well-fitting collar on the shoulders, the velvet is gathered in, not too full, and set into a deep-shaped band of either velvet or silk at the waist. The sleeves at the top are full, and either end at the elbow in a close-fitting cuff covered with silk or lace, or the fullness extends to the wrist, and there is gathered into a tight cuff. The collar, all round its shape, and the bottom of the cuffs, may be piped with a bright shade of silk, and at the bosom a narrow stole tie of silk or ribbon falls down, knotted in three places, from the point of the collar to the waist. Another design for a velveteen blouse is cut plain but full, and tucked from the shoulders to the bust and also on the top of the sleeve; it is then trimmed round so as to simulate a bolero, with a bright fancy galon, and set in pleats into a deep belt of velveteen so as to overhang. Again, there may be a true bolero, cut out in a V at the top, and a wide vest of lace let in; the tops of the sleeves puffed, and the cuffs, fitting close to the arm, being of lace with galon at their top, the same as that used to trim round the bolero, the galon thence passing down the back of the cuff and surrounding the wrist.

Home dressmakers regard the blouse, and quite rightly so, as within the scope of their efforts. Great help is given in the concoction of a pretty and not too elaborate one for ordinary wear by the variety of trimmings that are now to be obtained. The deep rounded yoke that is the making of a blouse, for instance, is obtainable ready-formed for mounting on a lining in "faggoting," or "hairpin-work" as some call it, in white or black silk. Or if the yoke be cut out of the material, an endless choice is offered of lace medallions or passementeries so formed as to allow of the distinct motifs being cut apart and set on at intervals if preferred. In this style some most elaborate decorations can be obtained, and if carefully placed on and stitched down invisibly these will bear quite the appearance of costly embroidery done on the yoke itself. The prices of the better varieties of medallion or motif passementerie are considerable, it is true; and this is natural, as they are really fine hand embroidery. But if the individual sections are wisely applied, a short length of the trimming, the price of which has ranged from five to fifteen shillings per yard, does not amount to anything out of the way. The newest ideas are expressed in these cleverly designed trimmings. I have seen one which included leaves of suede leather in conjunction with white floss silk convolvuli, that was new and most effective, for but five shillings the yard. Others are in white or black silk braid; and others again in Oriental embroidery effects. A blouse that is designed to be chiefly worn underneath a tailor-made coat that opens in front naturally has its adornment down the middle, while for an indoor garment the yoke is the more important. For the simpler blouse, the merits of piping in a contrasting colour are considerable; thus a red cloth or flannel blouse piped with purple, or a dark blue cashmere piped with a rather bright blue and green plaid, is quite smart. A lighter shade of the colour of the blouse is perhaps the safest selection for a piping relief.

For evening wear, for a small dinner, the theatre, or the domestic circle, the blouse is equally favoured; and velvet also comes into use, in smart designs, gauged, and decorated with sparkling passementeries, or relieved

with a transparent yoke, or cut low and finished round by a berthe and sleeve-frillings of lace. Fragile fabrics are, however, more in favour for evening blouses, and the endless variety of embroidered nets, spotted nets, chiffons, and piece laces soon construct a very "fetching" little evening bodice at small cost. Bêbe-ribbons gathered up into ruches are a good trimming; and so are bouillonnées of chiffon put on in wavy lines; then any number of pretty collars are supplied for passing round the shoulders, or a fichu of chiffon or silk muslin makes the most attractive of finishes for a figure that is not very fully developed. Skirts for evening wear by girls are also most frequently built of the light, dainty, and airy materials above mentioned, laid for choice over satin; but one of the many varieties of imitation silken



A NEAT WALKING COSTUME.

*This trim frock is built in dark cloth, with five folds round the hem. The bodice is trimmed with a series of five buttons and black velvet on collar and cuffs, and a small vest of embroidered white cloth releases the effect.*

fabrics, which all the large houses keep under various fanciful names—silkette and the like—will do quite well if price matters.

The simplest materials and styles for girls are made daintily pretty by a judicious choice amongst the sweet floral garnitures which are abundantly offered to us. Every colour and many varieties of form are presented for our choice in this kind of trimming. A waterfall of marguerites from the top of the low bodice is a charming finish for a black net frock for a girl. A wreath on the head and a trimming of violets, one line of these passing all round the décolletage, with a second row of the same blossoms forming a swag from the shoulder down over the bosom on each side, caught up again to the centre, is pretty on white, green, or blue tulle. A trellis-work of pink roses covers the whole front of a bodice and trims it adequately. But description of the tasteful forms in which artificial flowers are offered us just now would be simply interminable, and it is impossible to do the subject even partial justice. Suffice it to say that no matter what colour is chosen for the girlish frock, there will be easily found a blossom to harmonise therewith, prettily arranged to suit any style of design.

Though we are having wonderfully fine winter weather, the cold winds blow frequently, and find out weak spots in the teeth if any such there be. Science offers every chance now to avert decay from these necessary servants, for Odol is a chemically certified protection against the microbes that work havoc in this direction; so the timely precaution of its daily use will prevent toothache probably and preserve the teeth.

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	Originally	Clearing at
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C 71 Mahogany Queen Ann China Cabinets, 4 ft. wide ...	10 10 0	8 15 0
2781 Mahogany Cabinet ...	19 10 0	12 10 0
C 82 A 6 ft. finely carved Chippendale Cabinet ...	126 0 0	65 0 0
C 8 Carved Italian Walnut Hall Seat ...	15 10 0	7 15 0
C 9 Jacobean Oak and Inlaid Hall Cabinet ...	31 10 0	19 10 0

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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Holy Trinity, Micklegate, York, the ancient church which Archbishop Maclagan reopened last week, had previously been in the hands of the restorers for some time. The new carvings introduced include representations of the King, the Archbishop of York, and the Dean of York.

The Bishop of Carlisle and the Suffragan Bishop of Burnley are to be consecrated at York Minster on Feb. 2. Canon Pearson has announced to his

including Mr. Eugene Stock and Colonel Morton. The Rev. C. J. Procter, Vicar of Islington, presided, and introduced the general subject for discussion, which was "Rationalism and the Gospel."

The services arranged by the West London Wesleyan division at Hengler's Circus are attracting large congregations, and preachers and hearers alike find the building very convenient. The subjects of the afternoon addresses have been announced as far ahead as March 26. I notice that the Rev. H.

London. Mrs. Webb-Peploe is president of the ladies' committee, which includes about 150 members, and has been organised to visit the houses within a three-mile radius of the Albert Hall.

There were remarkable gatherings of men at St. Margaret's, Lothbury, last week, when Archdeacon Madden, of Liverpool, gave addresses daily at 1.15. Heads of City firms and junior clerks sat side by side, and late comers were glad to find accommodation in the choir pews or standing room near the doors.



A REMINISCENCE OF THE FLEETING RUSSIAN SUCCESS ON PUTILOFF HILL: A CONVOY OF JAPANESE WOUNDED FROM THE FIGHT ON PUTILOFF HILL (LONE-TREE HILL) PASSING THE BUILDINGS OF THE YENTAI MINES ON THE WAY SOUTH.

PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHTED BY "COLLIER'S WEEKLY."

parishioners at St. Mark's, Sheffield, that he will also succeed to the Rectory of Burnley.

The new Bishop of Moray, Ross, and Caithness has been warmly welcomed by the episcopal community of Inverness. Though he is not a native of the Highlands, Dr. Maclean speaks Gaelic, and so does Mrs. Maclean, who was born and brought up in the Island of Skye.

The attendance of clergy from various parts of London and the provinces at the Islington Clerical Meeting on Jan. 10 numbered close upon a thousand. There were also present a number of well-known laymen,

Russell Wakefield, Rector of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, is to speak on "Civic Responsibility" on March 12.

Active preparations for the Torrey-Alexander Mission at the Albert Hall, which will last for two months from Feb. 4, are being made in West London. Among the Church of England clergymen who are co-operating most actively is Prebendary Webb-Peploe. He has asked all his parishioners to take what part they can in this mission, and also in the special efforts to be made at St. Paul's, Onslow Square, and in other churches during Lent, by the request of the Bishop of

During his week in London, Archdeacon Madden also gave a series of five evening addresses to City men at the Y.M.C.A. in Aldersgate Street.

The Rev. W. R. Inge, who has been nominated by Canon Henson to the vicarage of All Saints, Knightsbridge, has won distinction both at Oxford and at Cambridge. After a brilliant career at Cambridge he was ordained in 1888. In 1889 he was incorporated as M.A. of Oxford and was appointed Fellow and Tutor of Hertford College. He was Select Preacher at Oxford from 1893 to 1895, and at Cambridge in 1901.

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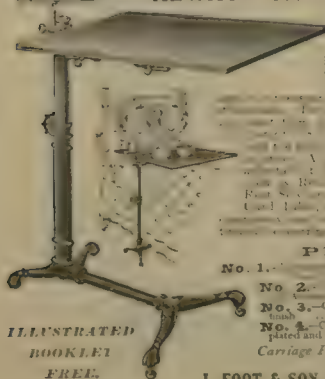
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## WILLS &amp; BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 8, 1904) of SIR RICHARD HENRY WYATT, D.D., of 38, Grosvenor Place, S.W., of the Maison d'Or, Broadstairs, Clerk of the Peace for Surrey, who died on Oct. 5, was proved on Jan. 7 by Thomas Weeding Weeding, George Cave, K.C., and Alfred Henry Jeffroy, the value of the real and personal estate being £260,097. The testator gives £200 each to his executors; legacies to servants; and one fifth of the residue of his property to each of his four surviving daughters, and one fifth, in trust, for his son-in-law John Henry Helpman, for life, and then to his two children by the testator's daughter Ann.

The will (dated Aug. 31, 1898), with two codicils, of the HON. MRS. EMILY CHARLOTTE MEYNELL INGRAM, of 88, Eaton Square, of Temple Newsam, near Leeds, and of Hoar Cross, Staffordshire, sister of Viscount Halifax, who died on Dec. 21, was proved on Jan. 10 by Colonel the Hon. Henry William Lowry-Corry, one of the executors, the value of the estate, so far as can at present be ascertained, being £105,095. The testatrix gives her estate called Hatfield, near Doncaster, to her nephew the Hon. Edward Frederick Lindley Wood; 88, Eaton Square, with the furniture, etc., to her brother Viscount Halifax; £30,000 to her sister Blanche Edith Lowry-Corry; £5000 each to the Hon. Mary Sutton and Alice Louise Dundas; £5100 to her niece the Hon. Margaret North; £500 to her executor; and many legacies to relatives and servants. She also gives £5000 to the Meynell-Ingram Cottage Hospital



PROPHETIZING THE JOSS: MANCHURIANS AT YENTAI STRIVING TO TURN THE ILL-LUCK THE WAR HAS BROUGHT THEM.  
PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY "COLLIER'S WEEKLY."

The head of the newly slain is placed on the family shrine, and the Manchurians, who have suffered by the war, think that the propitiation of the joss for better luck.

at Yoxall; £500 to the Bishop of Lichfield for an additional scholarship at the Lichfield Theological College; and £500 each as a further endowment to the Meynell-Ingram Scholarships at Lichfield Theological College, and St. Ann's College, Abbots Bromley. She settles the Temple Newsam estate, and all her real estate in Yorkshire, except Hatfield, on her nephew the Hon. Edward Frederick Lindley Wood; and Hoar Cross and other property in Stafford and Lincoln, on her brother the Hon. Frederick George Lindley Wood for life, with remainder to his son

11, Warwick Square and 45, Parliament Street, surveyor, who died on Sept. 26, was proved on Dec. 23 by Arthur Beckham and Alexander Mortimore, the value of the estate amounting to £97,835. The testator gives policies of insurance on his life for £10,000, and the household furniture, in trust, for his wife; and £100 each to his executors. He appoints certain trust funds to his wife for life, and then for Guy Pownall and George Harley Pownall. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for Mrs. Hunt for life, and then to his four sisters—Eliza Bennett Dickson, Alice Mary

Francis Hugo. The residue of her property she leaves to her brother Frederick George.

The will (dated Aug. 10, 1896) of MR. FREDERICK GEORGE LLOYD, of Langley House, Langley, Bucks, who died on Oct. 15, was proved on Dec. 22 by Mrs. Valentina Sumpter Lloyd, the widow, the value of the estate being sworn at £99,928. The testator gives £500 and the household furniture to his wife; £400 per annum each to his daughters, during the life of their mother and on their attaining twenty-one years of age or marrying; and £500 to Arthur Leslie Clarke. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, to pay the income thereof to Mrs. Lloyd while she remains his widow, or £1000 per annum should she again marry, and subject thereto for his two daughters Valentina Alida and Marguerite Boxer.

The will (dated April 6, 1898), with a codicil (of Nov. 11, 1901), of MR. HENRY ARTHUR HUNT, of



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## ANÆMIA.

By Mrs. ADA S. BATTIN.

Editor of "Womanhood" and of "Baby," the Mothers' Magazine.

Anæmia, or bloodlessness, is one of the commonest troubles of the present age—so common, in fact, that it seems to me that quite two-thirds of the girls one comes in contact with in towns are affected with it. The complaint can hardly be called a disease in the ordinary sense of the word, but is rather a debilitated state of the body, which lays it open to the attacks of most other kinds of diseases.

The condition in question is characterised by a deficiency in the number of red corpuscles in the blood. There is very often pallor of the cheeks and lips, but in some cases these may be of a natural colour, and lead even the patient to believe that she is not anæmic, when the real state of the case can instantly be discovered by examining the gums and the insides of the eyelids. These, instead of being of a good deep pink, are pale and yellowish-looking. The tongue is apt to be pale and flabby, and indented by the teeth; the sufferer is readily fatigued, troubled with breathlessness on going up and down stairs; she very often suffers from palpitation or pains about the heart, which may lead her to believe that she is suffering from some disease of the heart. She suffers frequently from headache, pains in the back, and languor, and soon becomes very tired by any little unusual exertion. She may be faint, and thus cause considerable worry to her family. There are frequent eruptions on the skin, which may be either of an irritating kind, or simply acne, either in the form of blackheads or pimples, or both.

There are two kinds of anæmia—one the common kind of which I have spoken, and another called pernicious anæmia, which is a fatal disease and most difficult of treatment, but is happily rare.

In such cases there is wasting and yellowishness of the skin, which assumes an almost transparent waxen hue; but these cases, of course, demand the most skilled medical attention and nursing within reach, and do not come within the province of this paper. I may, however, remark that the best remedy to improve the condition of the blood in these cases, which is now being very largely prescribed by the medical profession, is Dr. Hommel's Hæmatogen, manufactured by Messrs. Nicolay and Co., 36, St. Andrew's Hill, London, E.C.4, which contains, in a purified form, hæmoglobin, the natural colouring matter of the blood, rich in organic iron and albumen, as well as the mineral salts, including the phosphates of soda and potash which are found in meat. It is far better to give a preparation like this, which is a food and nourishes the blood, than to give iron in a mineral form, which so often upsets the digestion. Dr. Hommel's Hæmatogen contains nothing besides what I have mentioned except chemically pure glycerine, which is in itself nourishing.

Ordinary anæmia is a condition of every-day occurrence, in which the doctor is rarely called in, or, if he is, he just prescribes for the time being, and after a few weeks the patient is apt to get as bad again. Any line of treatment for ordinary cases of anæmia must be persistently applied, and although occasional visits to the doctor, if there seems anything out of the way amiss, are desirable, the treatment can only be carried out properly at home.

All anæmic persons should be in the fresh air as much as possible, so that the blood may become oxygenated, and an anæmic girl who is not really ill should take exercise for at least an hour twice daily. Walking, cycling, swimming (if the heart is not weak), rowing, and tennis are all suitable. Eight hours' sleep is not too much, as the brain, being badly supplied with blood, needs extra rest, and in some cases even nine hours' sleep may be indulged in with advantage. The bed-room, however, should be well ventilated, and here I may mention that it is a great mistake to keep a room shut, and that destroys the oxygen in the air; anæmic persons need very much oxygen, which is essential to keep the blood pure. In order to keep the blood pure daily bath is essential.

Iron is a food to all anæmic persons, and must not be regarded by them as a medicine only to be taken temporarily, for in most cases it is necessary to persevere in taking iron for a period varying from two months to five or six years. I am strongly opposed to the ordinary methods of giving iron in anæmia, which are very frequently worse than useless, as the iron is so often decomposed, or in a form that is indigestible, when the patient takes it; while when given in a pill, such as Bland's pill, it is apt to pass through the body quite undigested, and a patient might as well swallow a bullet. As ordinarily given, also, iron is very apt to cause constipation; and for these reasons Dr. Hommel's Hæmatogen, which I have mentioned above, should invariably be given in preference to other preparations. It is best to begin with a teaspoonful dose, taken half an hour after breakfast and half an hour before lunch and dinner. The object for giving it before meals is to assimilate the iron, and if taken before breakfast it is apt to prove rather aperient. In cases, therefore, where the girl has a tendency to constipation, it is a very simple remedy to take the Hæmatogen half an hour before breakfast, as well as before the other meals. The dose should be gradually increased to a tablespoonful. When this is taken for a few weeks the effect is really remarkable. The sallowness of the face goes away, the pale lips red, while the feelings of languor and depression pass off, and the girl grows cheerful, bright, and fit to take her place in the world.

\*Ask your Chemist expressly for Dr. Hommel's Hæmatogen, and take no other; price 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

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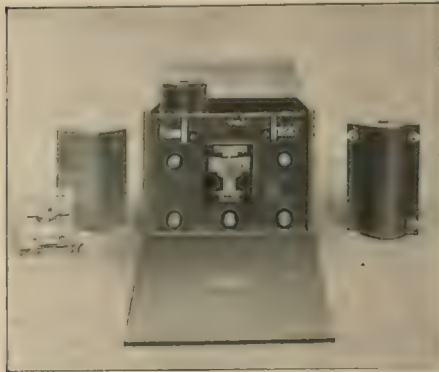
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Circumstances alter cases  
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Hunt, Emma Pownall Mortimore, and Harriett Jennings Mortimore.

The will dated Oct. 31, 1902, with a codicil dated Dec. 10, 1902, of BARON AMIEL JOHN HEATH, of Hill St., Warr, these bequeaths who died on Oct. 31, 1902.



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Manufacturers and inventors, Messrs. Cohen Brothers, 6, Bank St., West Kensington, claim that the great advantage of the internal combustion coil is that it is a simple and efficient device for the internal combustion of the engine.

The will dated Dec. 17 by Francis Cooper Dunville Smythe, Egbert Alfred Crowley, and Mark Cattley, the executors, the value of the estate being £76,386. The testator gives ten freehold houses in Suffolk Street, Southwark, in trust, for his sisters Ellen Rose Swaine and Ada Harriett Curtis; £500 to, and £15,000, in trust, for Mrs. Elizabeth Frances Burnand; £2000 each to his nephews Robert C. Swaine, Henry C. Swaine, and Berwick Curtis; £1000 each to his nieces Cecil Mary Curtis, Joan Curtis, Rose Heath Swaine, and Norah Heath Gladstone; £200 to the Croydon Hospital; £300 each to his executors; and legacies to friends and servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his sisters Mrs. Swaine and Mrs. Curtis.

The will (dated Nov. 26, 1902), with two codicils, of Mrs. EMMA ELIZABETH TEMPLE, of 24, Ulster Place, Regent Park, who died on Dec. 12, has been proved by George Robert Fife and Arthur Marmaduke Sheild, the value of the estate being £64,077. The testatrix gives £2000 each to St. George's Hospital, Charing Cross Hospital, King's College Hospital, and the West London Hospital; £1000 to George Robert Fife; £2000

to Arthur M. Sheild; £1000 each to Mrs. R. Appleton and Mrs. Ellen Coar; £3000 each to Annie Lewington, Alice Maud Lewington, and Gertrude Sutton; £1000 to Mrs. Amelia Sansbury and Miss Eleanor Davis; and many small legacies. The residue of her property she leaves between Alfred Barnard Duffin, Henry Wheatley, and Arthur M. Sheild.

The will (dated July 28, 1903) of Mr. JOHN WAITT MURFIELD, of 189, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Dec. 10, was proved on Dec. 31 by Mrs. M. F. both Murfield, the widow, and George Abercrombie. The testator gives the residue of his estate being £53,226. The testator gives £500 and the household furniture to his wife; £8250 to his sister Mrs. Jane Elizabeth Bale; £4150 to his sister Mrs. Marie Ann Lewington; and £200 to George A. Thomson. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife for life, and then to his son, George Murfield.

The will (dated Oct. 2, 1903), with two codicils, of MRS. MARY SUSANNA GILLET, of Stardens, Newent, Gloucester, and formerly of Duffield Bank House, Derby, who died on Nov. 11, has been proved by Charles Gillett, the son, and Walter Goodall Copstake, the executor. The testatrix appoints the funds of her marriage settlement to her children in the proportions of one eighth each to her sons and six eighths to her four daughters. She gives £100 to her son Charles Gillett, and £200 to Walter Goodall Copstake; and the residue of the property of the testatrix to her son and two thirds to her daughters; and small legacies to godchildren. The residue of her property she leaves as to two eighths each to her sons Leonard Francis and Richard Clay and four eighths between her daughters Mary Henrietta, Frances Susanna, Alice Katherine, and Maud Ethel, her son Richard Clay bringing into account the sum of £1000.

In Mr. R. A. Roberts's clever sketch "Dick Turpin," at the Coliseum, the scene at the historic Hampstead tavern, the Spaniards, is charmingly and cosily devised in antique oak; and in another scene a conspicuous feature is a handsome suite of Louis Seize furniture. In both cases Messrs. Oetzmann and Co. are responsible for the attractive stage-pictures presented.

## THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R.N.

The latest news from Port Arthur is that from the special correspondent of the *Times*, and it appears to place a very different complexion upon the state of affairs within the fortress at the time of its surrender. Until the Japanese published their catalogue of the spoils it was almost universally believed that the fall of the fortress was to be attributed partly to the severity of the privations suffered by its gallant defenders, and partly to a failure in the ammunition supply. We know now that there was plenty of food to last for three months longer, although horses and mules were the only flesh obtainable. As to the ammunition, the



Photo, Topical Press.

THE LATEST DANGEROUS BICYCLING FEAT: THE GYROSCOPE IN PARIS.

The gyroscope is a device which is used in the bicycle to maintain its equilibrium. It is a wheel which is mounted on a vertical axis, and is free to rotate in any direction. When the bicycle is in motion, the gyroscope wheel rotates with the bicycle, and its rotation is such as to keep the bicycle upright. This is the principle of the gyroscope, and it is the basis of the bicycle's stability.

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It should always be eaten  
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**DEWAR'S**  
"WHITE  
LABEL"  
WHISKY



**ELEVEN O'CLOCK**  
**BOVRIL**

is a refreshing and  
nourishing pick-me-up  
everywhere and  
anywhere.

S.M.D.



Japanese captured an enormous quantity of rifle-cartridges and upwards of eighty thousand unused shells. Nor does it appear that, although there were large numbers of wounded men in the hospitals, there was any dysentery or typhus, the only disease being scurvy, due to a lack of fresh vegetables. In these circumstances the surrender becomes more difficult to understand, and the only explanation afforded by the correspondents is that it was due to the death of the real defender of the place, General Kondrachenko, who was killed on December 18; to the increased severity of the fire of the assailants after they had captured 203-Metre Hill; and to internal troubles among the civil element of the besieged. The total number of persons in the fortress at the beginning of the siege is estimated to have been not more than 55,000. Of these 10,000 were killed or died of sickness, a few short of 25,000 were taken prisoners, 14,000 remain in the hospitals, and the civil element accounts for the remaining 6000, and of these latter 5000 Russian labourers are to be sent to Chifu.

The exact condition of the ships which have fallen into the hands of the Japanese does not appear to have been satisfactorily settled. In the official list all the vessels are taken over as captured, with the exception of the *Sevastopol* and some of the smaller craft. On the other hand, the *Times* correspondent speaks of four of the battleships as lying side by side under water, and, in his opinion, they are probably "incapable of being repaired." This is somewhat



A MEDAL FOR SWIMMING.

astonishing, seeing that there have been so many instances in which modern vessels, after undergoing what has seemed to be most serious injury, have been raised and made fit for use.

The raid of General Mistchenko's Cossacks to Newchwang is one more example of the futile method with which the Russians are conducting the war. The best account from the Russian side is that of Mr. MacCullach, of the *New York Herald*. He describes an immense amount of damage said to have been done, and adds, in one of his final paragraphs: "The Japanese must have worked phenomenally to repair the line, or else the Cossack reports of the damage they did are exaggerated. The battle simply proved again the helplessness of cavalry against entrenched infantry." From the Japanese side it is obvious that the assumption of the American correspondent is well founded. Not only were the Cossacks driven back in confusion with many casualties, but the damage they succeeded in accomplishing was infinitesimal.

#### MEDAL FOR THE SERPENTINE SWIMMING CLUB CHRISTMAS RACE.

The gold medal here figured was presented by the Oxo Company as second prize for the annual 100 yards race. It was won by Mr. Harry Wilson. A similar medal in silver, with gold centre, was presented by the Oxo Company, as third prize, to Mr. S. S. Greenburg.

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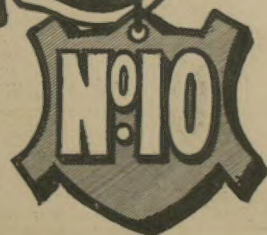
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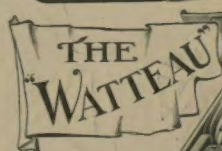
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